A NEW BALLAD
UPON
Dr. OATES
HIS
Retreat from White-Hall,
Into the City.

To the Tune of, *I'le tell Thee* Dick *where I have been.*

I.

CAn'ſt tell me, *Ceres*, What curſt Fate
Hangs o're the Head of *Oates* of late?
Or what Croſs *Planet* Reigns?
That *Oates*, the Nobleſt Thought at firſt,
And Beſt, ſhould now be held the Worſt,
And Vileſt of all *Grains*?

II.

Oates, that ſame brave & ſwagg'ring Blade,
Which th'other Day, with lofty Head,
His Fellows all o're-top't;
Should for a *Roguiſh* Weed be thrown
Out of the *Court*, and now full blown.
Be in the Bloſſom *Crop't*?

III.

Oates, that was whilome thought to be
For the *King's Horſe*, fit Company,
(*God* bleſs him evermore!)
Should now by ev'ry Groom be ſpurn'd,
And for a *Rogue* in *Grain* be turn'd
Out of the Stable-Door?

IV.

Had theſe *Oates* muſty been, or ſtale,
Or had they any Noyſome Smell,
They had of Blame not fail'd:
But *Theſe* (as *Musk* it ſelf) were Sweet,
With *Coat* as Black as any Jet;
But ſome-what too *Long-Tail'd*.

V.

That *Tyrant's Jades*, that *Oates* & *Hay*
Refus'd for Man's Fleſh, I dare ſay,
Ne'r ſuch an *Oate* did taſte:
And, pity 'twas, his Worth to ſhow,
That He had not been long agoe,
Into their Maunger caſt. *Diomedes.*

*EBB65.

VI.

The Caſe is hard, that *Oates*, that fed
The Nobleſt Beaſt, that liv'd in Mead,
On Paſtures Green, or Heath well;
Should be, at laſt, Himſelf turn'd down
Into the Common of the Town,
To feed the Calves of *Bethel*.

VII.

But chear up, *Oates*; 'tis no Diſgrace:
Theſe Calves are of the City Race,
(There are none ſuch at *White-Hall*;)
And freely will their Milk give down,
(And thou *canſt* ſtroak them well, 'tis known)
To feed Thee in Requital.

VIII.

Some have the Pedigree, and Strain
Of *Oates*, deriv'd from that Bleſs'd *Grain*,
Which *Egypt*'s Famine freed:
And I believe, what they aver;
For, without doubt, theſe (Our) *Oates* are
Of the true *Gypſie* Breed.

IX.

Nay, others have his Parents blam'd,
They had the *Brat* not *Joſeph* nam'd;
But they herein had err'd:
For that Good Man at *Court*, at laſt,
For his Deſerts was highly grace't;
Not for a *Rogue* Caſheir'd.

X.

Yet, I doubt not, but of ſuch known
Divinity had *Oates* there grown,
He would have with a Rope,
Amongſt their *Leek*, and *Onyon-Gods*,
(As more deſerving it by odds,)
Been long agoe Truſt up.

XI.

Shall We, who boaſt true *Goſpel-Light*,
Inſtead of doing Him that Right,
Then treat Him worſe than *Pagan*?
And Excommunicate Him clear
Out of our *Courts*, as if he were
A Miniſter of *Dagon*?

XII.

This ſure is a New *Popiſh-Plot*;
Who ſeeing now we in a Knot,
Begin to hang together;
Think't the beſt way, (which *Heav'n* defend!)
Is to untye us, and to ſend
Our *Doctor*, *God* knows whither.

XIII.

You Charitable *City-Dames*,
If now you will ſet up your Names,
Preſerve Him like Sweet-Meats:
He flyes to You, to be Secure;
Keep cloſe your Fore-Doors; but be ſure,
Guard well your *Poſterne-Gates*.

FINIS.

LONDON, Printed for *W. Brown*, in the Year, 1681.

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